

THE FARMER

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OF AGRICULTURE

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CONTENTS.

Agricultural—Michigan Short-horn Cattle Breeders' Association—Farmers' Association—Toledo Growers in Wisconsin—Heredford Notes—Oakland County Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—The Horse—Profit in Breeding Horses—Horse Gossip	1
The Farm—Our French Letter—Berkshire Swine—Agricultural Items—The Pig—The Pig Farm—Preparation of Eggs—Preservation of Eggs	2
Horticultural—State Horticultural Society—The Fruit—The Fruit and the Orchard—The Orchard—The Orchard and the Farm—The Orchard and the Farm—The Orchard and the Farm	3
Poultry—The Poultry—The Poultry and the Farm—The Poultry and the Farm—The Poultry and the Farm—The Poultry and the Farm—The Poultry and the Farm	4
Dairy—Dairy Products—Wool—The Outlook for Sheep—The Outlook for Sheep—The Outlook for Sheep—The Outlook for Sheep—The Outlook for Sheep	5
Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association	6
Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association	7
Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association	8
Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association	9
Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association—Michigan Sheep Breeders' Association	10

Colling appeared upon the stage of Shorthorn breeding, and being more sagacious than their fellow farmers, saw the want of character in the herd about them, and set to work to remedy the fault in their own; this was done by judicious purchases first being made, and then following a system of breeding, which in their judgment would give a desired uniformity; and strange as it may seem this was done by in-breeding, and to an extent that a majority of the breeders at the present day would deem very unsafe and unwise to follow, and would argue that only disaster could be the result. Not only did they gain a uniformity, but a much more important requisite—the concentration of blood—the power of transmitting those qualities. So decided were the merits of the Colling stock, and those bred from their bulls, that the demand increased, and prices ran higher than ever before experienced by breeders. The excitement became so great, and so radical was the improvement made by the use of these improved bulls, that Messrs. Colling and Mason (Mr. Mason having bred largely from the Colling bulls) let them at prices ranging from \$200 to \$500 per year, and the Colling bulls were sold for \$500 each, and refused \$250 for a cow, and the sale prices were more than sustained at the closing out sale of Charles Colling in the year 1810. When he had an average of over \$750, also the sale of Robert Colling in 1818, and his final sale in 1820, when 107 head made an average of over \$470. This last mentioned sale made after he had been breeding 40 years, and had distributed bulls far and wide, giving the public an opportunity of becoming fully acquainted with the qualities of the stock, and the prices they brought showed the great confidence that was then had in the system of breeding so successfully followed by these breeders.



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Agricultural.

MICHIGAN SHORTHORN CATTLE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

Fourth Annual Meeting held at Lansing Tuesday and Wednesday, December 2d and 3d.

The fourth annual meeting of the Michigan Short-horn Breeders was held in the Senate Chamber in the Capital building at Lansing, opening Tuesday evening, December 2d.

The Association was called to order by President Ball, who in his opening address referred to the general depression in business and urged that a general system of economy would help many through such times. A system of mixed farming seems best suited to Michigan; farmers must breed a few of all kinds of stock and have some of each to sell. Cattle now present the most promising stock for money making. Among these the Short-horns have been chosen by the members of this Association for their general qualities of beef and milk production.

Having chosen Short-horns how shall we breed them? Pedigree is a good thing, but the animal must be better than the pedigree.

The fat stock shows are great educators. The perfect beef animal has all the points of a good Short-horn. Those cattle are best that produce the most good meat with the least food. A variety of food is essential, and cattle-growers must study to use the coarse forage of the farm in feeding our cattle and turning it into meat and money.

The outlook for cattle breeding is good. The farmers are appreciating improved cattle and are now calling for them at fair prices. Young cattle should be well fed; buyers will not look at cattle poor in flesh.

This Association should take steps to obtain State legislation on contagious diseases of cattle. This is an important matter, and he recommended that a committee be appointed for this purpose.

The National Cattle Convention was referred to but no recommendation was made. A general association of cattle men interested in the various breeds should be held for the discussion of many questions of common interest. Death has invaded the home of one of our oldest breeders, Mr. A. S. Brooks, of Wixom, and Ben. Brooks has been taken from us in the flush of youth. No one had more friends among the breeders of Michigan, and at the same time no one will be more missed.

The Secretary reported the expenses of the Association for the year to have been \$92.95 and the Treasurer's report showed a cash balance on hand of \$1.54.

Mr. B. F. Batchelor then read the following paper—"The Past and Present of Short-horns."

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Association, it is with great diffidence that I have prepared this paper, knowing that many who will hear it read have had much more experience in Short-horn breeding, and perhaps more conversant with their past and present history than I am the writer of this article; but we all have different methods of getting at and stating facts; we trust, therefore, that though but few new ones may be presented, or but few new ideas advanced, this may not be entirely void of interest.

Field's Favorite Feed-Mill and Power Combined.

and aunt, Phoenix, producing Favorite (232) and then this Favorite, put to Phoenix (his own mother of the stock), and the prices they brought showed the great confidence that was then had in the system of breeding so successfully followed by these breeders.

Contemporary with the Collings in early Short-horn history was Mr. Thomas Booth, who in connection with sons and descendants, has gained a wide fame in establishing and building up a tribe of cattle possessed of remarkable characteristics, which is one of the two distinct families of the present day.

These cattle have inherited some of the best features of Short-horns, or such as showed strong constitution and a predisposition to fatten; on such well framed cows he availed himself of the opportunity of breeding by the Collings. These had short legs, long and level hind quarters, broad, firm backs and good twist; by coupling them with the large and more powerful cows, a medium animal with more desirable qualities was obtained. It seemed to Mr. Booth's wish to build up a family of cattle that should excel in breeding, producing, and though he should sacrifice, to a certain extent, that which in his judgment was a secondary consideration.

Having gained his desire, his next thought was to ensure its perpetuation; and this he did by following the same system of in-breeding as was practiced by the Collings. A more detailed review of the Collings is not of interest, but it is not our intention to deal with individual animals, and not having more time to devote to this noted breeder, or breeders of this family of cattle, we pass to the founder of a family of Short-horns that has outstripped all others in regard to popularity and price obtained, at private and public sales, viz., Thomas Bates. He established himself as a breeder in the latter days of the Collings, and obtained the foundation of his herd from those noted breeders in and about the year 1830. His purchases were made in the Duchesneau by Daisy Bull; but not meeting his expectations—always breeding male calves he sold her, and at the same time purchased a female from the same source, and named her the Duchesneau. This female was a grand-daughter that we like the former, closely in-bred, which he called Duchesneau, and from her sprung the Duchesneau family that has attracted much attention, and sold for great long prices, and gave Mr. Bates his great celebrity as a breeder. Here again we find that this reputation was established by stock and not by pedigree, and could well be imagined; for 21 years he used his Duchesneau bulls without an outcross, and where in his judgment he thought it best, or circumstances demanded, he introduced some other he secured one that had as much of the same family blood as possible, and this course has been strenuously followed ever to the day; and yet the same family of cattle, and the Duchesneaus—still hold their prestige.

During the same period, with those above mentioned, there were many who were following an indiscriminate course of breeding, to what we can attribute it is not of interest, but it is not our intention to deal with individual animals, and not having more time to devote to this noted breeder, or breeders of this family of cattle, we pass to the founder of a family of Short-horns that has outstripped all others in regard to popularity and price obtained, at private and public sales, viz., Thomas Bates. He established himself as a breeder in the latter days of the Collings, and obtained the foundation of his herd from those noted breeders in and about the year 1830. His purchases were made in the Duchesneau by Daisy Bull; but not meeting his expectations—always breeding male calves he sold her, and at the same time purchased a female from the same source, and named her the Duchesneau. This female was a grand-daughter that we like the former, closely in-bred, which he called Duchesneau, and from her sprung the Duchesneau family that has attracted much attention, and sold for great long prices, and gave Mr. Bates his great celebrity as a breeder. Here again we find that this reputation was established by stock and not by pedigree, and could well be imagined; for 21 years he used his Duchesneau bulls without an outcross, and where in his judgment he thought it best, or circumstances demanded, he introduced some other he secured one that had as much of the same family blood as possible, and this course has been strenuously followed ever to the day; and yet the same family of cattle, and the Duchesneaus—still hold their prestige.

Mr. Bates believed in line-breeding as tending to uniformity in quality. The tendency in breeding pure-bred cattle is to secure a fine form at the expense of milking qualities.

Mr. Dwight Curtis said that the smooth cows in his herd had usually been the best milkers. He believed in line-breeding and never crossing two families of unlike breeding.

Mr. Ball said that incestuous breeding was much safer in the time of Colling than at the present. He questioned whether or not in this system many animals of poor quality are not bred. Bad points are more likely to be perpetuated than good ones and this intensity of breeding may do as much harm as good.

Mr. Hinds said he would not admit that inbreeding reduced the size. The records did not show this.

Prof. Johnson thought that the medium way was best, avoiding too close breeding and yet keeping in the same line of blood.

Mr. Dwight Curtis said that in their herd they had got the best results from close breeding, and gave instances when they had bred in and in made valuable improvements. In crossing two different types of animals he found that the first cross generally showed an improvement over the sire and dam, but a continuation in the same line was random breeding and the produce apt.

The delegates to the National Convention of cattlemen at Chicago submitted the following report:

To the Association of Breeders of Short-horn cattle—Your delegates appointed to attend the National Cattle Convention, held at Chicago November 13th and 14th, respectfully submit the following report:

We attended this convention and participated in its deliberations. Many able men were among its delegates, who represented twenty States and Territories. The Western States were more largely represented than the Eastern, probably owing to the fact of greater concentration, and more perfect organization of cattle interests in the West.

Hon. D. W. Smith of Illinois, was chosen permanent president, and Thos. Sturges, of Wyoming, Secretary, with a vice-president from each State and Territory.

The object of this convention, which was in reality a second National Cattle Convention, being a legitimate successor of that of 1883, was first to hear the report of the Committee on Legislation, appointed last year to secure legislation from Congress in regard to the prevention and spread of contagious cattle diseases. This committee, by Hon. J. B. Grinnell of Iowa, their secretary, made their report, and in the passage of a law by Congress, (the provisions of which are familiar to all) creating the Bureau of Animal Industry, under the control of the Department of Agriculture, and making an appropriation of \$150,000 for use under this act. Not all that was desired or needed was obtained, but the placing of any law of the kind on the statute books is progress, and opens the way for something better. There is no doubt that what we have obtained, and owe to the united action of the cattle growers in the convention of November, 1883, resulting in the appointment of this committee of legislation, of which the President of this Association was member, who Michigan, and did effective service. We may say here that the Short-horn breeders were the first to move in this work, but have been aided by the Holstein breeders, and the State Veterinary Association, and also in a generous way by the State Agricultural Society, in the appropriation of three hundred dollars for its expenses of the member of this committee from this State.

But to return to the convention of 1884: Addresses were read by several veterinary experts, on contagious diseases among cattle, and Dr. Salmon, chief veterinarian, gave an

lation and Aim in Breeding,

which will appear in a future issue.

Mr. L. D. Watkins, of Manchester, read a very interesting paper on "The Selection and Feeding of Cattle for Beef." This paper will appear in our next issue. The color question was brought up in connection with this paper and was quite freely discussed. There was quite a diversity of opinions, reds, whites and roans all having their friends, and at its conclusion neither party could claim any converts.

The Association took a recess until 7 o'clock p. m. and during the afternoon visited the Turner farm and the College, but as we are crowded for space, a report of these visits and the evening session of the Association will have to be deferred until next week.

FARMERS' ASSOCIATION.

The 22d quarterly meeting of the Farmers' Association of Antwerp and Paw Paw met at the farm of S. C. McEntee on Thursday, December 4th. The programme called for the opening at 10:30 a. m., sharp, and at that hour the greater part of the members were present.

Mr. McEntee is noted as a painstaking farmer, especially in the care of his stock. The barns are ample and conveniently arranged. A ten horses and twenty head of cattle are provided for, and about one hundred sheep, all in well-built barns attached, so that no extra labor is required to care for them. His flock of grade sheep is as well provided for as the best breeding flocks and is a credit to any farmer. The members examined very thoroughly all the arrangements about the buildings and yards, taking notes and making comments. This feature of the meetings is a very important one, and is participated in by all, being led by the proprietor, who is expected to answer all questions and explain.

After dinner the programme proper was taken up. The leading topic at this meeting was: "What course is necessary for farmers to pursue to successfully meet the present condition of the times." The subject was opened by Jason Woodman, who thought the probabilities for the continuance of low prices for grain, and especially wheat, were favorable. Prices for everything rule very near the cost of production and the ruling price will conform to the cost of production at the cheapest rate. To illustrate: if the farmers of the Northwest or of India can raise wheat for 40 cents, wheat raised at a cost of 80c must be sold as cheaply as the cheapest grown crop. A certain amount of wheat can be grown incidentally on the farm with other crops and the cost will be less than when grown as a specialty. Wool must be grown incidentally with cotton. Corn, fed beef, and corn-fed pork and mutton are articles the whole world cannot compete with us in producing. Horses are profitable animals to raise, and the north part of our State furnishes a good market for them. The farmer must grow a variety of crops and such as do not compete with the same productions grown in cheaper lands and by cheaper labor.

A. C. Glidden thought it needed a wise discrimination at present to judge and determine the best course to pursue. Low prices received will compel the farmer to pay less for what he has to purchase. Those who paid \$18 to \$20 per month the past season, have found that those prices were too high and must come down to correspond to a lower scale of prices all around. The crops grown must be those which promise adequate compensation for the labor employed, and he who exercises the best judgment, formed from information and study, will take rank in his success, in the measure of his study of the subject.

Mrs. D. Woodman would live within our means, avoid debt and do not look at the future looked dark. It is expensive to hire help at large prices and board them, and the farmer often does not do as much as he might if he were alone. We must live respectably; we cannot afford to go backward because the times are hard.

J. J. Woodman—It is a great problem to know just what to do to make the farm pay. For eight years previous to the year 1883 there never was a time when all interests prospered as well; the farmer might not have received his full share of this prosperity; but the country grew rich very fast until tariff discussions began, with evident danger of a reduction. Business men became distrustful and cautious purchasers. A restricted business always throws labor out of employment, and with less resources non-producers purchase less. People do not buy when the pinch comes. The old plow, wagon or harness are used another year. The overcoat, although a little rusty, must do service for one more season. Prosperity must be brought about by a general return of confidence. The farmers of Michigan, as shown by the statistics, are more prosperous than those of many of the States. The value per acre of our productions was, in 1879, \$12.10; Ohio, \$11.10; Indiana \$10.00; Illinois, \$9.85; Wisconsin, \$9.50; Minnesota, \$9.75 and Iowa, \$5.55. But we have not reached the limit yet. We must cultivate less and produce more to the acre. Don't run the

soil with cheap crops and reduce it, but wait the good time coming.

E. P. Mills thought we could not afford to sell the present wheat crop for less than it cost. If we did other things should come down to correspond.

S. C. McEntee found that it took 1 1/2 bushels of corn to set a horse shoe, and thought that prices were not very well equalized.

D. Woodman thought that the reason of good times previous to 1883 was because the country was drained of farm crops, now there is an over production. When this surplus is worked off then prices will advance.

E. B. Welsh believed in pursuing a steady course; he has seen sheep sold for fifty cents and slaughtered for their pelts and tallow. He had often noticed that when every one was going out of a business, it was a very good time to go in. During the eight years of prosperity spoken of, live hogs sold for \$3.75 per wt., and many other products sold at prices which would now be considered low. We greet each other by saying "these are close times," and we help the matter along by creating distrust.

R. Morrison said that while the prices of our products have been declining we have been struggling to adapt ourselves to circumstances, with some degree of success. We must not abandon wheat, growing entirely. We can grow a certain number of bushels of wheat and pounds of wool cheaper than if we make a special business of it. We can use help to better advantage when we adopt a mixed style of farming, and the farm will improve faster under it. We shall make up the loss by this diversity, and the increase of fertility.

H. Randolph thought the class of farmers represented had as little to complain of as any class of people. He would not store wheat even at present prices, but would wear the old overcoat another year, keep out of debt, and hire cheaper labor.

T. R. Harrison said these seasons of collapse and expansion we must expect in the nature of things. It is one of the natural laws of business that it should have ups and downs. We have to exercise more brain power, and that is good for us. When it is difficult to dig out a living, then we raise better men, with larger intellects. We must exercise muscle as well as mind. Three things are necessary—economy, economy, economy. He would not wear patched clothes, except on the farm, but it is nobler to wear a patch than to run in debt for clothes. Mr. Harrison does not believe the lesson of hard times is lost; we shall emerge the better and stronger for our economy. He would have every farmer present know precisely what it costs to grow a bushel of grain; and we should strive to grow it as cheaply as they can grow it anywhere.

Some further discussion was indulged in, in relation to the obligation farmers were under to so cultivate the farm that no deterioration should be possible. It was a moral responsibility which no one could violate and be guiltless.

Mrs. E. B. Welsh read a very appropriate selection from the FARMER HOUSEHOLD, any issue of which will furnish something befitting such an occasion.

TOBACCO GROWING IN WISCONSIN.

APPLETON, Wis., Dec. 6, 1884.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

There is probably not a State in the Union that is coming to the front so rapidly as a tobacco growing country, as the State of Wisconsin. Farmers are fast coming to the conclusion that there is more money to be made in one year from a small farm, from the results of tobacco raising, than they can obtain in twice the length of time, from the same amount of land, by the old routine of wheat, oats, and corn.

It is true that tobacco is more severe upon the growing power of the land than almost any other crop you can raise; also that it requires a great deal more labor, and hard labor at that. But at the same time you get larger returns for your time and land, and what is better, quicker sales.

Tobacco buyers are on hand to purchase the crop, even before it is ready to pick. Tobacco men now claim that some of the best tobacco that is raised in the Union, grows in Southern Wisconsin, around Janesville and Wilton; and in the season you can find buyers from most of the principal cities, anxious to obtain part of the crop.

HEREFORD NOTES.

LAST week Mr. Thos. Foster shipped from his Elm Grove Stock Farm, three handsome Hereford calves, viz., Surnise, Sweetland 4th, and Phyllis, to Mr. E. G. Carrier of Sanford, Orange Co., Florida, (formerly of Bay City), for the consideration of \$1,250. Mr. Carrier also purchased a beautiful grade bull calf, equal in appearance to a pure bred, and a pair of Berkshires, all from Elm Grove. Before making this selection Mr. Carrier visited all of the Michigan Hereford herds, and several of those of other States, and after such an extended search we are pleased to have him make a selection from a Michigan herd. It should afford Mr. Foster much gratification to know that purchasers concede to him a position of prominence among the Hereford breeders of Michigan, and that the public appreciate his enterprise and praiseworthy determination to secure only the choicest blood and highest merit for Elm Grove.

HEREFORD men are willing to abide by the results of the decisions of the late American Fat Stock Show, priding themselves upon the achievements of their young cattle; and are satisfied to patiently await the show of 1885, when this year's two-year-old bulls shall have matured into their very finest forms as three-year-olds. They assert, with a great deal of confidence, that the grand sweepstakes of next year shall not fall short of the "white faces."

We would advocate that at the next meeting of the Michigan Agricultural Society Hereford prizes be made equal to Short-horn and other classes. We have the assurance of our Hereford friends that with such a recognition a full force of the herds of this State shall attend the next State Fair. We suggest to the Society the advisability of placing the Herefords in their premium list on equal terms with Short-horns, pointing to their popularity and their commercial value; and more especially that as a beef breed, or a grazing breed they have no superiors and few equals.

THE male surplus of "Grassmoor" Hereford herd, property of Hon. W. W. Crapo, of Flint, Mich., has been transferred to Elm Grove at highly remunerative figures. Elm Grove can now boast nearly or quite 100 Hereford bulls, which will not fail to prove of great benefit when transported to the grazing districts of the West, as is the intention of Messrs. Foster & Sotham to do with them.

THE Grassmoor Herefords are in very good condition, all recently housed for winter. We contemplate a further description of this old established herd—the oldest in Michigan—in future "Hereford Notes."

"Field's Favorite," Feed Mill and Power Combined.

The cut on this page represents the Mound City Feed Mill with a power attachment, so it is a feed mill and at the same a power. Corn can be shelled and ground at the same time; or if power only is needed the grinders of the mill can be thrown apart and the power used to cut straw, saw wood, or run any other light machinery.

This mill can have iron or cast steel grinders, will grind shelled corn and small grain as rapidly as any mill using same power; in fact it is the most rapid grinder ever made. It will also grind corn and cob and is the only mill having a power of this kind that will grind corn and cob. It will grind the coarsest feed and make family meal. It will grind rye in one operation, saving time in regrinding as others do.

The Big Giant and Mound City Mills have been in advance of the times, and now this power mill is still in advance of all competition, and furnishes the most complete mill in the market.

For price and further description address the manufacturers, J. A. Field & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

On the Illinois Industrial University farm a bunch of 20 two-year-old steers, fed whole corn on the pastures, made an average gain of a trifle over eighty pounds each in September, and of ninety-one pounds each in October. They ate about ten bushels of corn each in September, and fifteen bushels each in October. The hogs "following" are estimated to have made from seventy to seventy-five pounds of pork for each steer during the two months. The estimated value of the cattle per pound is one-half cent more at close than at commencement of the feeding.

Horticultural.

THE STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Annual Meeting at Ann Arbor the Past Week—Summary of the Reports, Discussions and Papers.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural Society opened in the court room at Ann Arbor on Monday evening, Dec. 1st, President T. T. Lyon in the chair. An excellent choir favored those present with some good music, after which Prof. Henry S. Frieze, of the University, on behalf of the citizens, made an address of welcome to the members of the Society. He referred to the progress that had been made in horticultural affairs in the State, and especially in fruit-growing. He said that Washtenaw County had attained prominence among the eastern counties for progress in horticulture, and he was glad to welcome to the central city of that county the State Horticultural Society. The delegates and members were heartily welcomed to the homes and hospitality of the citizens.

President Lyon responded to the address. He said one thing the Society was considering was how to attract the young people to its councils and get them interested in horticulture, and persuade them that the odor of the rose is at least preferable to that of tobacco. If the Society was able to accomplish this it would have achieved greater results than it had yet accomplished. He then presented some suggestions as to the future policy of the Society. He said the number and influence of the auxiliary societies was necessary. The Society should also be represented at New Orleans. Preparations for the biennial meeting of the American Pomological Society at Grand Rapids in February, under the auspices of the State Society, were now in progress, and being rapidly completed. At this meeting a full exhibition of Michigan fruit should be made by the local societies. Fruit exhibits from other States should also be admitted.

After more music by the choir, President Lyon announced the following committees:

Committee to prepare for meeting of American Pomological Society at Grand Rapids—Byron G. Stout, Pontiac; Henry C. Reynolds, Old Mission; A. J. Webber, Lodi; W. K. Gibson, Jackson; Wm. L. Webber, East Saginaw; J. G. Ramsdell, Traverse City.

Flowers, Plants and Ornamentation—Wm. Saunders, Ontario; W. W. Tracy, Detroit; Mrs. J. J. Atterly, South Haven; W. C. Barry, New York; E. Buell, Kalamazoo; D. W. Beadle, Ontario.

Resolutions—A. C. Glidden, Paw Paw; C. M. Weed, Chicago; H. W. Davis, Lapeer.

Prof. J. B. Steere, of the University, then read a very interesting paper on "The Origin of Horticulture." He began by saying that any one who had studied man as an animal would be forced to admit his close alliance with the fruit-eating mammals, such as apes and monkeys. In the teeth the likeness is very striking, as in both species they are adapted to fruit-eating.

Fruit is the only foods fit for their natural state for the human teeth and stomach. If man ever existed on the earth without fire, he would have been forced to live on the fleshy fruits alone, migrating from place to place according to the season and climate. Man's sociability, however, has forced his intelligence to provide some method of growing enough fruit artificially to supply not individuals, but society.

Fire has been a very important factor in man's advancement, as it has enabled him to reduce other edible products of nature to a state similar to that of ripe fruit. By this means he is able to turn his attention to other pursuits than those of food-gathering.

But starch-plants are not as common as fruits whose color and flavor commend them to the taste for eating purposes. Thus fruits which were all ready to be eaten were ignored by the earliest horticulturists, who turned their attention to cultivating the starch plants. The same instinct impels both savage and civilized man to domesticate wild animals.

This cultivation of starch plants has gone on until there is scarcely a botanical family which has not been put under contribution for this purpose. By the selection of the fittest, man has been doing his best to prove the truth of the theory of evolution. Many cultivated species have been so changed that their prototypes are no longer recognizable, so that a series of experiments in retrograde development would be of the greatest interest.

Seeds, stems and roots are most used for food, and of these, seeds are the most important as affording a natural storage place for nutriment. No nation has become civilized without some great cereal for food.

Roots are next in importance and stems last. Primitive agriculturists, the world over, seem almost from the first to have made fermented drinks from their starch supplies. With this early culture of starch-plants for food is sometimes connected their cultivation for clothing, but the intoxicant was always of more importance than the clothing.

Agriculture among the savage tribes everywhere was very small and strangely like in its methods. But its primitive methods gradually cleared off the forests and made them open plains. The next advance was in the improvement of implements, the use of manures and irrigation. The gathering into settlements and cities followed as a natural sequence, and man ceased to be savage. The plow and the spade are characteristic of this stage of development. Ownership in land, wealth and luxury, followed, and new channels of gratification were sought. Men naturally turned to the long-neglected fruits and began to cultivate them.

been in improving small fruits, such as the blackberry, and in crossing European species with closely allied native species, thus securing an improved product.

Civilized man, like the savage, uses his fruit and starch products to manufacture intoxicants.

Man may thus be divided into three classes: First, the lowest tribes, living on the products of fishing and hunting and on wild fruits; second, the tribes that indulge in primitive agriculture; third, civilized men who depend on cultivated fruits.

The future of horticulture will be as brilliant as its past. Its pursuit will have a powerful influence on the morals of men. Horticulturists should, however, discountenance the use of fruits for the manufacture of intoxicants.

Upon the conclusion of the reading of the paper, it was discussed by a number of the delegates.

Mr. Wm. Saunders, of the Ontario Horticultural Society, made some remarks on the development of fruits from wild stocks, and described some fine new grapes that have been developed lately in Ontario.

Secretary D. W. Beadle, of the Ontario Association, devoted his remarks to the new series of Canadian grapes. He said the new varieties of grapes were as yet largely a matter of experiment.

The question box was then opened and a question as to the utility of the English sparrow was read. L. D. Watkins, of Manchester, led the discussion, Prof. E. Baur and Prof. J. B. Steere followed. The sparrow had very few friends, and Prof. Steere recommended that he be delivered over to the tender mercies of the small boy for destruction, or better still, be killed and eaten. After some further discussion the meeting adjourned until nine o'clock Tuesday morning.

TUESDAY MORNING'S SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by President Lyon at 9:30 A. M., and after prayer by the Rev. M. Lockwood, of Ann Arbor, Secretary Garfield read a communication from President Angell inviting the Society to visit the University at such time as should be convenient. The invitation was accepted and the Society resolved to adjourn at 10 A. M., Wednesday for that purpose. The question box was then opened, and a question in regard to orchards discussed. One point of it, "Whether an orchardist should turn nurseryman," was discussed by President Lyon, who took the ground that as a rule he would advise against the practice.

Mr. Emmons Buell, of Kalamazoo, followed on the methods of grafting. He advised top-grafting the Baldwin on Northern Spy to secure the best results.

Austin Scott, of Ann Arbor, thought root-grafting should never be attempted by the orchardist. He takes the ground that root-grafted stock is never as hardy as the natural tree.

J. J. Parshall, of Ann Arbor, said that the conditions in Washtenaw County were different from those elsewhere in Michigan, and that apples which succeed here fail elsewhere.

President Lyon preferred to graft his scions on stocks below ground.

W. C. Barry, of Rochester, N. Y., spoke from a nurseryman's point of view, the question of root or top-grafting was a mooted one.

Harper Green, of Eaton Rapids, and J. Austin Scott, of Ann Arbor, thought alternating early and late bearing trees a bad practice.

The peach curl was the next subject taken up. C. A. Sessions, of Oceana County, couldn't explain it, and didn't know who could.

Prof. E. Baur, of Ann Arbor, thought a heavy rich soil prevented peach curl. J. D. Baldwin, of Ann Arbor, thought the disease was inexplicable; the weather had something to do with it, he thought.

W. C. Barry said a very cold storm from the east would curl leaves on many varieties. The point is to determine what varieties are least invulnerable to the curl; Early Crawford is a prominent example.

Secretary Garfield thought it was due to a fungus which developed more or less rapidly according to the weather.

President Lyon announced that Mrs. Satterlee, of Lansing, had been added to the committee on flowers, plants and ornamentation.

Next followed a short discussion on the construction of cellars and fruit houses for the preservation of fruit. Mr. J. D. Baldwin explained the construction of his fruit house, 30x30 feet, which cost him about \$600. It had proved all right. Next came up the much discussed wheat and chess question.

Prof. J. B. Steere reported in behalf of a special committee appointed to examine a specimen of chess growing on wheat, submitted by William Saunders, of Ontario. It was a mere trick of nature, the committee were agreed, which had been caused by a stalk of chess growing next to the wheat. He also reported on the mixture of apple varieties by reason of the fertilization of the blossoms by foreign pollen—that this is the only explanation offered by botanists of "russet spots" on other varieties of apples.

Prof. Saunders made some supplementary explanations; he thought bud variation was a better explanation of such occurrences than pollenization, inasmuch as not only blossoms but the branches on which they grew showed differences.

Dr. Marshall, of Lansing, gave his personal experience on the pollenization of apples.

"Judging Fruits at Fairs" was the next subject. Prof. Satterlee of Lansing opened. He recommended judging by a process of selection and a fixed scale of points.

President Lyon said that the State Horticultural Society has adopted the plan of specifying, in its premium lists, just the points they were aimed to bring out. Prof. Satterlee said he had noticed that those exhibitors who studied the premium list carefully were always the most successful.

W. C. Barry of Rochester, said he had noticed that at most fairs societies did not make premium lists carefully enough. The Michigan Society had been very careful in this respect. He spoke of premiums offered on an exhibit of half

a dozen, when exhibitors would bring in a score, and those who abide by the rules are at a disadvantage. Judges should have plenty of backbone. He thought the Superintendent of the Fair should be held accountable for this failure to comply with rules. He thought fruits not labeled might as well be left at home. They did no good to visitors.

J. N. Stearns, of Kalamazoo, said he thought the speaker had not attended the State Fair for some years, for in the past three or four not a single plate of fruit had been shown that had more than the proper number of specimens, and each plate had been properly labeled.

Secretary Garfield gave his experience as a judge at the late State Fair. He divided committees into two classes—fortified and unfortified. The fortified committee man was ready to explain to exhibitors at any time just why he had made the awards, while the unfortified ones hurried through, signed the report, and got out of the way.

Mr. J. D. Baldwin said he had listened to a discussion in the Washtenaw County Society as to what sized fruits should be exhibited—fine, medium sized specimens or large overgrown ones.

Mr. J. A. Scott of Ann Arbor, said he had once attended a State Fair in Detroit some years ago, in which he saw twelve varieties of apples, and each one of them wrongly named. He thought this was all done away with now. Thought judges should not have too much to do, such as judging apples, pears, peaches, etc. Judges should also write out a full report and be prepared to give reasons for their judgment.

Mr. E. Buell said he thought the best way to exhibit fruits was upon white plates, placed upon white tables, with no overhanging shelves. He said no wormy apple should ever be exhibited. It was requiring too much to ask judges to give their time, without compensation, and write out long reports. They frequently did not even get common courtesy from exhibitors. Never saw a hall better arranged than at the late State Fair. The Superintendent deserved credit for it. Not a single bad specimen of fruit had been seen by him.

Mr. Stearns explained the reason why there was not enough room for the exhibitors at State Fair. It was largely in excess of any former display, and larger than expected.

Mr. A. C. Glidden, of Paw Paw, said he thought our system of arranging fruits at State Fairs all that was necessary. The trouble was in giving judges too much to do. The work should be divided among more judges. It was too much to ask men to give their entire time to such work, when they wanted to see the Fair.

T. A. Sessions, of Oceana County, spoke of the lack of space which always worked against distant exhibitors, as it was all taken up by the time their exhibits arrived.

Prof. W. W. Tracy of Detroit, then read a paper on "Making Horticultural Displays." He began by saying that probably the reason this subject was assigned to him was because he had never been an exhibitor. While he had never exhibited, however, he had been an observer. He spoke of an incident at a district fair in this State, where a committee had awarded three premiums on different plates of fruit. Some parties then changed the first premium plate to where the third premium one had stood and vice versa. They then called the judges back to explain why the first premium had been awarded as they had placed it. The committee explained their reasons, and were apparently perfectly satisfied that the plate of fruit on which third had been awarded by them was fully entitled to first. The point Mr. Tracy made in regard to this was that premiums were frequently awarded to fruit because of its surroundings and environment, and the better light in which it had been placed. He had little sympathy with exhibitors who found fault with the awards, although he had no doubt that frequently injustice was done through such reasons. He spoke of the manner in which fruits and flowers should be shown so as to bring out the best tints of those shown. He spoke of the difference that could be made in the appearance of fruits or flowers by the surroundings in which they were placed. He would speak first of the exhibition of fruits. He said that a round ball when shown with only a ray of light resting upon it was drawn towards the eye, just as a photographer arranged his light when taking a photograph. If the illumination was general fruit would be seen naturally, but if only a ray fell upon it the observer would be deceived in its appearance. He illustrated this by diagrams. He then spoke of the various kinds of halls and the way in which they were lighted. The usual way of arranging fruits in long lines around the walls was all wrong. He then suggested a remedy for the bad light usually common in such halls. In England exhibits of fruits or flowers are made in large tents, or buildings with a glass roof, so as to secure proper light. He would have a hall with a center projecting some five or six feet above the wings, and then the wings should be covered with cotton cloth. This would give good light all over the hall, falling equally upon all the exhibits. Instead of making a flat, long range of shelves there should be tables with projections at equal distances, with no shelving between them and the light. He showed by another diagram how this could be readily accomplished. By another diagram he showed how an exhibition hall could be arranged so as to completely exclude the dust, which was the terror of florists and did great damage to plants and flowers. He said this was one great reason why florists would not make large exhibitions. The arrangement proposed was double doors with a short distance between them, and the doors arranged so as to open in different directions as rendered necessary by a change in the direction of the wind. It was a simple affair, which could be utilized by any Society, as the expense would be but little more than when built in the usual manner. Mr. Tracy also showed how exhibits of fruits and flowers at small fairs could be arranged so as to

add much to the appearance of the hall and the exhibits.

An adjournment was then taken until 2 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After the meeting was called to order Secretary Garfield read letters from several prominent horticulturists regretting their inability to be present.

The question box was then opened, and in answer to a question Mr. H. D. Cutting, of Clinton, a well known apiarist, said bees never injured fruit in any way.

Secretary Beadle, of the Ontario Association, then gave a short talk on the fungus known as "apple scab." So far no efficacious remedy had been discovered. Mr. Beadle also gave some advice as to the trimming of apple trees and the budding of roses.

In answer to another question, Mr. Blowers of Lawrence, said he always tried to have a dry cellar in which to keep apples, but he did not know as moisture would either harm or benefit fruit.

Secretary Beadle thought moisture helped some varieties of apples.

Mr. L. B. Pierce, of Ohio, related his experience, which corroborated Mr. Beadle's theory.

In reply to another question, President Lyon said he would shower plum leaves with water in dry weather to prevent them from falling; high manuring was also recommended. Heavy mulch and salt were recommended to prevent pears from cracking.

Prof. Wm. Saunders, of Ontario, then spoke on the subject of "Habits of Friendly Insects." He said it was just as important to know our friends as foes in the insect world. He divided friendly insects into two classes, those that prey on all species of destructive insects directly, and those that do their work indirectly by depositing eggs on the skins of their victims. The habits of some species of both classes were then described.

We quite frequently hear a good deal said in favor of birds, but while they did some good they also did a great deal of harm by devouring all kinds of insects, many of which are friendly to the fruit grower and gardener. He referred to some species of such insects. Among these were the Tiger beetles. They, however, devour friends as well as foes. Lady Birds feed on other insects, and also devour their eggs. In their different formation these Lady Birds differ so much that frequently their chrysalides are destroyed because mistaken for those of predaceous insects. The other class is the most important, as they devour only insect foes. First is the large class of ichneumon flies, of the genus Hymenoptera. They deposit their eggs in the bodies of their victims by piercing them with their long ovipositors. The larva, when hatched, feed upon the fatty portions of the insect they inhabit, avoiding the vital organs. Others deposit their eggs upon the caterpillar, and the larva eat their way to its inside. Among the foes of the horticulturist are the Hemiptera. These insects live upon vegetable juices, and are very harmful to vegetation.

Prof. Cook took exceptions to the charge made against the birds by Prof. Saunders. He had killed a number of robins and black birds, and found the insects in their crops were always those of insect enemies, not friends.

Prof. Saunders said Prof. Cook had misunderstood him. He did not say birds were entirely the enemies of the fruit-grower, but that they frequently got credit they did not deserve.

Prof. Cook called upon Mr. C. M. Weed to give the results of his investigations of robins and cat-birds.

Mr. Weed said he had found that the young ones, which were the ones he investigated, had been largely fed with soft-bodied insects, such as caterpillars, with a percentage of blades of grass, which had evidently been introduced with the insect food. While he had found no hard-shelled beetles in their stomachs, he had no doubt they were eaten by the older birds.

Mr. Alles, of Adrian, who is paying a good deal of attention to entomology, referred to the ichneumon flies. He also suggested that a national committee should be formed, who, by their investigations and through correspondents abroad, might head off such pests as are being imported from older countries. He spoke of the celery worm, which had been brought into this country and was now doing about as much damage as the radish worm.

Mr. Glidden asked if any one present had seen a new insect enemy of the potato bug, which he described. Prof. Cook said he had reported it two or three years ago.

Prof. Saunders said the potato beetle was not as plenty this season as usual. In a convention of entomologists at Philadelphia, at which parties from different parts of the country were present, this was stated as a fact by those in attendance.

Prof. Tracy asked as to the proper course with the cabbage butterfly. He had found them very thick around his cabbages, and used pyrethrum powder upon them. He found ichneumon flies in the larvae of the butterfly, and he would like to know if he had done right in applying the pyrethrum and destroying both friend and foe.

It was generally agreed that it would have been better had the powder not been used.

Prof. Cook read a paper on "The Apple Maggot," and another on "Facts Concerning Bark Lice." The bark lice were described, and the damage they were doing to shade and ornamental trees referred to. He recommended the application of an emulsion of kerosene oil and milk, or a soap mixture made of a quart of soft soap in a gallon of water, the mixture brought to the boiling point and a pint of kerosene mixed in.

Mr. Robert L. Hewitt, an attaché of the Secretary of State's office, and who has much to do with the collection of agricultural statistics, read a paper on "Horticultural Statistics in Michigan." Their value as yet, he said, was problematical, as no systematic effort had yet been made to obtain complete horticultural statistics anywhere, but he had no doubt that they

would be fully as interesting and valuable as the agricultural statistical reports had turned out to be.

Upon motion of Mr. Glidden, the paper was adopted as the sense of the Society, and its suggestions as to changes in the methods of gathering statistics were referred to the Executive Committee.

The question of grape rot, passed over at the morning session, was then taken up. Secretary Beadle was called to lead in the discussion. He said he could not say anything about it, as they did not have the disease in Ontario. He said he would say something about grape-growing in the Province of Canada, and gave a short description of grapes that could be grown in the various parts of that country.

Prof. Baur said he had so far escaped the grape rot, which he ascribed to the plentiful use of sulphur, and the growing of sun-flores in his vineyard.

Mr. Baldwin said there must be a change in the varieties of grapes grown in the vicinity of Ann Arbor. He had only raised one variety of grape with success and that was the Wyoming. The Concord was a complete failure this season from rot, and he would like to know if there is any thing he could use that would put a stop to the rot. If a remedy could not be found grape-growing at this point would have to be given up.

The Secretary said he had a letter from John Whittlesey, of St. Joseph, Mich., upon this subject, and he read the following extracts from it:

"I am much obliged to you for your kind invitation to attend the Ann Arbor meeting of the State Horticultural Society on December 1, 2, and 3, but my age and other infirmities will preclude me from attending. As to my writing an article on the grape rot ('giving my views on that subject to be read before the meeting,') I must say I am incompetent to do so, as I am as ignorant as those who have been making it a study for the last 25 or 30 years to find a cause for it and a remedy. Many of us herabouts are using sulphur and lime mixed and put through a fine sieve, say two-thirds sulphur and one-third lime slack lime. For mildew we use it freely twice and three times during the season. Since we commenced its use we have seen no mildew, and some think we have not had as much rot as others who have not used sulphur as freely as we have. We think we have got the sulphuring of vineyards about here down to a fine point, so much so that one man will go over eight acres a day with ease, and do it well. We use from 250 to 300 lbs on eight acres. Some use more, besides lime. We think it a benefit to pick off all grapes that show rot, into baskets or pails and burn or bury them deep. We have had no rot here until two years ago, then I think five per cent, or even less, was the loss; this year ten per cent or less would cover it. I cannot say, but others I think would agree that it is better to lose a few grapes than to lose the whole crop. Whether they used sulphur or not I cannot say. We have here two stages of rot, about two weeks apart. They are different in character. The first stage the grapes dry to the stem; the second the grape rolls off at the touch."

The rot was further discussed by Messrs. Barry, Baldwin, Beadle and Bird, all acknowledging, however, that it had so far proved unmanageable.

Adjourned until 7:30 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by President Lyon. Mr. Alexander, of Birmingham, was called upon to say what his experience had been with sports in planting peach pits. He said that a neighbor planted a peach pit a few years ago, and when the tree came into bearing it produced a fruit that partook of the nature of the peach and plum, but yet was neither. Others reported similar sports. They were decided to be neotarsines.

The question "What are the three best market varieties?" was answered by Mr. Peersall naming the Baldwin, and Mr. Baur the Hubbardston Nonsuch and Maiden's Blush.

How will sweet potatoes and egg plant succeed if planted on muck? Answered that egg plant will do well, but not the sweet potato.

Does bagging preserve the clusters of grapes from the rot? Mr. Pierce, of Ohio, said it had been successful in his neighborhood.

Does the Keifer pear mature its fruit north of New York City? One man said it would, but that it was no good after it had ripened.

Mr. E. H. Scott said he had received a basket from Geneva, N. Y., and they were good although very small. He said Mr. Parry, of New Jersey, had reported that he got \$6 per bushel for all his.

Mr. Stearns gave his experience with the Keifer pear. He thought it would never be a success as an eating pear, but would always be a good pear for canning.

President Lyon said it was not good to eat, and those that planted for market should touch it very lightly.

After music by a choir of young ladies under the leadership of Prof. Cady, Prof. V. M. Spalding, of the University, read an instructive paper on "Rusts, Smuts and Molds." He said that inasmuch as a very large proportion of the diseases of fruits and grains are occasioned by parasitic fungi, the subject of parasitic growths is fraught with much interest to horticulturists. There are perhaps 2,000 species of fungi in the United States, many of them pernicious in their influence. The leaf is both stomach and lungs to the plant, and it is here that the fungus finds footing and seriously interferes with the health of the plant. The processes of blossoming and bearing fruit are thus prevented or diseased.

The first group of parasitic fungi are generally called molds or mildews, and a representative of the group is the *Peronospora viticola* or grape mildew. It has existed in America for 50 years, but its life history was not known until eight years ago. It appears as a fine, white, frosty growth on the under side of the leaf about the middle of August.

In America this does not usually affect the ripening of the grapes as the leaf is large and strong, but in Europe the climate is more moist, the leaf less vigorous and the grape is therefore seriously affected. The mildew first appeared in southern France in 1879 and has since spread through all the grape districts of Europe. It is difficult to say what can be done to check it.

The potato rot is closely related to the grape mildew. It attacked the Irish crop in '45, '46 and '47, and was the cause of the famine. It is of American origin,

but has gone the world over where potatoes are cultivated.

Another group of fungi, and the one best known, is the wheat rust, *Puccinia graminis*. The most interesting question is its so-called "heterocism" or change of hosts, or living part of the time on wheat and part of the time on the leaf of the common barberry. There is some scientific basis for the story that the presence of the barberry bushes occasioned the rust. It is probable, however, that this heterocism is not at all necessary for its propagation, but the rust passes directly from one wheat crop to another. It has frequently in damp localities occasioned the loss of half a crop.

Other rusts are numerous, such as raspberry and strawberry rusts. In some cases they may be checked by proper cultivation, but in others it is difficult or impossible to reach them with any remedy.

The familiar corn smut is a representative of this class. About 150 species have been described—more than most people are aware of. Corn smut fills the ears with a dusty, dirty mass of spores, which are due not only to degeneration of the grain, as was once supposed, but to the presence of the fungus. Smut not only injures the grain, but its narcotic qualities hurt the cattle. It was the source of the dry, gangrenous disease in Kansas and Illinois that was mistaken for the European "foot and mouth" disease.

A complete and satisfactory knowledge of parasitic diseases of plants can be attained only by the fullest co-operation of practical men and scientific investigators.

The latter have their hands full in trying to work out the life history of all the parasites. On the other hand it must devolve on the fruit-growers and farmers to carry out the experiments which decide the course of treatment to be pursued in individual cases. Every theory must ultimately be subjected to the test of experience. The paper, of which the above is a mere summary, was illustrated by drawings and a magic lantern, and was listened to with the greatest interest.

A fine duet by two young ladies followed, after which Dr. R. T. McNaughten, of Jackson, read a short paper on the text "In what way may Horticulture aid City Residents." Secretary Garfield led in the discussion that followed.

"Studies in the Woods" brought out short talks from Prof. Satterlee and Prof. Saunders, while Secretary Garfield read a letter from O. C. Simonds, of Chicago, on the same subject.

Adjourned till 9 A. M. Wednesday morning.

(Concluded next week)

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MRS. W. J. LAWRENCE, Battle Creek, Mich., breeder of pure bred poultry, Langshans, Wyandotters, Rhode Island Reds, Old English Game, Embden Geese, Pekin and Rouen Ducks, and Pearl Guineas. Stock and eggs for sale in their season. n12-m-apl-4r

PLYMOUTH ROCKS FOR SALE.—A few from Donald No. 6679, Dark Green, Black Necked, at \$3 per pair. Correspondence cheerfully answered if stamp is inclosed no attention to postal notes. Also, A. J. M'GARDNER, Clarksville, Mich. m791

W. W. McDOWELL, Howell, breeder of high class poultry, Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Langshans, Partridge Cochins, B. Leghorns, Wyandotters, Rhode Island Reds, Old English Game, Embden Geese, and eggs for sale in season, write for what you want. d3-1y

Ohio Breeders.

R. D. SILV, Clarksville, Ohio, breeder of Registered Merino sheep. Ram Buckners (1907) and Bucks (1908) with J. S., P. C. & N. A. W. head of flock. s16-26

J. H. EATON, Bucyrus, Ohio, breeder of improved Chester White hogs. All breeding stock recorded. Stock for sale. s16-26

H. BRADFORD, Rochester Depot, Ohio, breeder of Registered Poland China swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. s16-1y

LEY ARNOLD, — PROPRIETOR OF —
Riverside Stock Farm,
PLAINWELL, MICH.
— BREEDER AND SHIPPER OF —
Pure-bred Recorded Poland China Swine.
Registered Jersey Cattle.
(A. J. E. T. H. R.)
and Registered Merino Sheep.

Poland Chinas still a specialty. Herd established in 1869. Is the largest herd in the State. Is omnibatically a herd of prize winners. Stock all dark in color and faultless in style, consisting entirely of the most noted families of the day. Pigs of Poland Chinas are the choicest breeding and highest individual merit in the country. Have been awarded first prizes at the following shows: National Black Hog Show, Dec. 1893, Rockledge No. 4215, Darkness No. 3697, Courtneigh 2636, and three grand yearling boars, one of which was sold for \$1000.00. Also, a large number of Index Jr. No. 5433. Can supply stock in pairs, trios, herds and car loads. Stock all recorded in Ohio, Conn. and Diggs. Stock first class. Now on sale, all ages. This herd has no superior for elegant style, symmetrical forms and combined purity, constitution, size, early fattening qualities and fine finish.

A choice lot for sale cheap. Rich in the blood of Alpha, Rioter sd, and other noted strains. For prices and full particulars apply to me. Prices reasonable. Correspondence promptly answered. m79-1y

A. J. MURPHY,
Breeder of Pure-bred Recorded
POLAND CHINA SWINE,
PLAINWELL OR SILVER CREEK, MICH.
My herd is dark in color and consists of the best blood in the West. I have a large number of pigs sold by Arnold's Sambo, Black Tom, Hippo, Murphy's and other names. All recorded in Ohio. Prices reasonable. Special rates by express. s26

ALFRED H. FRIESIAN,
can include Holstein cattle. Some very fine bull calves for sale. Stock at Liverpool, near railroad. For prices and full particulars apply to me. Prices reasonable. m79-1y

F. H. Friesian,
Post Bureau, Mich.

Poetry

THE PRODIGALS.

When the roses of summer were budding and blooming
And the yellow wheat bent 'neath its burden of gold,
The prodigal son came, world-weary and tattered,
To the home where his footsteps had echoed of old.
And they clung to his garments with tears and caresses,
Till the cup of his welcome ran over with joy,
And the flowers of love and forgiveness were woven
In a blossoming crown for the prodigal boy.
When the icicles hung from the eaves and the branches,
And the winter winds moaned round the dwellings of men,
Forsaken and homeless the prodigal daughter
Crept back to the home of her girlhood again.
But they turned her away in the storm and the darkness
To the icy-cold winds with their chill, piercing breath,
And the pitiless curses that followed her footsteps
Were fiercer as the tempest and cruel as death.
—Chicago Current.

NECESSITY.

Necessity, whom long I deemed my foe,
Thou cold, unsmiling and hard visaged dame,
How I no longer see thee face, I know
Thou wert my friend, beyond reproach or blame.
My best achievements, and the fairest flights
Of my winged fancy, were inspired by thee;
Thy stern voice spurred me to the mountain heights,
Thy importunings bade me do and be.
But for thy breath, the spark of living fire
Within me might have smoldered out at length;
But for thy lash, which would not let me tire,
I never would have measured my own strength.
But for thy oft-times merciless control,
Upon my life that served me past despair,
I never should have dug deep in my soul
And found the mine of treasures hidden there.
And though we walk divergent pathways now,
And I no more may see thee, to the end,
I wear this little chaplet for thy brow,
Thus other hearts may know, and hail thee friend.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHAT BAIT.

What bait do you use, said a saint to the devil,
When you fish where the souls of men abound?
Well, for special tastes, said the king of evil,
Wine and fame are the best I've found.
But for general use said the saint, Ah! then,
Quoth the demon,
I fish for the souls of both women and men;
And a thing I hate is to change my bait,
So I fish with a dollar the whole year round.

Miscellaneous.

THE LITTLE LACE PEDDLER.

It was a sultry afternoon in August. Jenny Conard and her aunt, Mrs. Barrett, were sitting on their vine-shaded piazza, looking so cool and comfortable that the very sight of them was tantalizing to people who could not afford to sit cool and comfortable on vine shaded piazzas.

"This was the thought which passed through the mind of a tired, dusty, overheated woman who opened the gate, and with an irresolute step and glance walked toward them.

"I don't believe they'll buy," she said to herself. "They look too comfortable for anything, sitting up there in their muslin gowns, cool as cucumbers. Oh dear! But I may as well try."

And while the poor woman was thinking this, Mrs. Barrett was saying in an undertone to her niece: "Dear! there comes one of those peddling women. That's the worst of being out here in full sight of the street. There's no escaping anybody that chooses to open the gate and walk in. I do hope your uncle'll feel that he can build another piazza on the back side of the house before another summer. It's just like sitting on the sidewalk to sit here; and for people that can't even go anywhere in the summer, it's too bad not to have a nook or a corner to themselves out-doors."

As she spoke the last words the dusty, flushed stranger reached the foot of the piazza steps and said, "Can I show you some laces to-day, ladies?"

"Oh, laces, is it?" said Mrs. Barrett.

"I thought you were a book-agent. If it's laces, you can come up. I shan't buy anything, but I'd like to look at them."

With a sigh of relief the tired woman sank into a chair, and said, "Well, I'm thankful you would. I'd most made up my mind to ask you to let me sit down here a few minutes, even if you didn't want to see a thing. I've been walking all the morning, and the heat's something awful. It's heaven here on this piazza."

At this Jenny smiled and looked at her aunt. She was about to say, "You see, it seems a good deal better than the sidewalk to some people," but she changed her mind and turned to the laces. They were exceedingly pretty; some of them valuable.

"How do you get such laces as these?" asked Mr. Barrett, sharply.

The woman was too tired to be resentful. "Oh," she said, "I only sell on commission. I get all my laces from a store in New York. I've been travelling for them now for two years."

"Travelling!" exclaimed Jenny. "Do you go far?"

"Well, I haven't been out of New York State till this year," she replied. "I did splendidly there the first two years. I just took the towns right along on the railroad, and sometimes I'd stop a month in one place, and go round to the small villages and the farms. You wouldn't believe what nice things some of the farmers' wives'll buy. I've had the best time going round among them. I do love the country. I can dressmake a little too, so they'd get me to make a dress, or cut and fit, maybe; and I'd pay for my board that way, and they'd always buy something. I did real well at Niagara, too, last year. Hotels are first-rate places. Travellers are always getting short of laces, and collars and such fixings. I sold over five hundred dollars' worth at Niagara; sold out once, clean out, and had to send back to New York for a new stock."

Jenny's eyes were as big as saucers.

"Have you been at Niagara?" she gasped. "Did you have time to see it, besides selling your things?"

"Oh, yes," answered the woman. "I saw all I wanted to of it, and more too. It's a dreadful tiresome place—enough to make you deaf, the sound of the water. I was glad to get away."

"I'd give all I'm worth to see it just one hour," exclaimed Jenny.

The woman looked at her curiously. "Well, can't ye go? What's to hinder?"

Jenny shook her head, and turned again to the lace box, over which her aunt was bending with absorbing interest. It was a pretty assortment of all the numberless little dainty articles of lace-wear, tempting when one sees them spread on city counters, but how much more so when they are suddenly displayed to unused eyes in rural villages!

"Jenny, look at this pink crape bow with lace ends!" exclaimed Mrs. Barrett. "Wouldn't that be lovely with my wine-colored gown? I would like it. But it's no use; I can't buy it."

"It's only two dollars—better take it," said the saleswoman. "They were two and a half, but I'm selling the last at two. Or here are some at one dollar, very similar."

"Not half so pretty," said Mrs. Barrett. "It's the two-dollar pink one I want. But I can't have it. You may as well put it up."

The woman lingered. It did indeed seem to her like heaven on the cool shady piazza. "Have you got much family?" she asked.

"Only myself and my niece now," answered Mrs. Barrett, wondering. "My husband is in New York buying goods. He keeps that drygoods store on Main Street. Perhaps you saw it."

"Oh! does he? Yes, I was in there trying to sell some of my laces, and they said the boss was away buying. They said business was dreadful dull here now."

"Yes, 'tis," sighed Mrs. Barrett. "I wouldn't have minded buying that bow last year this time, but my husband told me not to spend a single cent I could help, and I ain't going to."

"There's mighty few wives like that," replied the saleswoman, half-soliloquizing. "Say," she continued, "if you want that bow so bad, why don't you just keep me over to-night and to-morrow; it won't cost you anything to speak of, and I'll let you have the bow for it. It does seem to me like heaven on this piazza here!"

Mrs. Barrett looked at Jenny, who nodded approvingly, exclaiming, "Oh, do, aunt! She may sleep in my room, and welcome; and I can sleep with you."

"Well," said Mrs. Barrett, "seeing my husband's away, you can stay. We haven't got but the two bedrooms."

"I shouldn't care if I had a bedroom, or not, seems to me," said the woman, "if I had such a piazza's this. I tell you, if you'd tramped as much as I have to-day you'd think it was just heavenly. My name's Williams," she added. "I suppose you'd like to know something about me: Harriet Williams. I was born and reared just outside of Canandaigua, New York, and I've got folks at home very comfortable. I can go home any time I'm in mind to; but I just thought I'd be independent, and I'm real fond of travelling besides. At least I was. I'm about sick on't now. I reckon I'll stay at home this winter."

"I think it's a perfectly splendid way you do," exclaimed Jenny, who had been devouring every word she said. "Do you really make money besides all its costs to travel? Uncle always says it costs frightfully to travel."

"Well, it does, and it don't," said the practical Harriet, who had taken off her bonnet and was leaning her head back against the lattice-work wall of the piazza.

"It's all according to how you travel. It costs me mighty little. First place, I get a commercial traveller's ticket. That cuts down on the fares a lot. Then I don't stop at high-priced houses. I always find out some nice quiet boarding-houses. I never pay outside of a dollar or a dollar and a half a day; and sometimes I stay a week, or even a month in a place, and pay all my expenses doing odd jobs of dressmaking nights and mornings. So all I make on sales is clear gain. Oh, yes; it's a good thing. I cleared three hundred dollars the first year; but then I took the typhoid fever in the fall, and was sick three months. I had it awful, and that pretty near used up all I saved that year."

"I think it's the nicest thing I ever heard of for a woman to do, to earn money!" exclaimed the excited Jenny.

"Mercy on us," said her aunt, "how you do go on! You'll be starting out yourself with a box the next thing."

"That's just what I mean to do, Aunt Barrett," retorted Jenny. "You see if I don't."

"Your uncle never'll consent in the world," said her aunt.

"Yes, he would. He's always said I had a first-rate business head. I bet you he'd help me."

"You're crazy, child!" was all Mrs. Barrett's reply, as she left the piazza to prepare their supper. "You just stay here with Miss Williams," she added. "I'll get supper; there ain't much to get."

"Well," began the strange guest, eying Jenny closely, "it strikes me now that you would be just the one to get along first-rate in this business. You look real courageous. And it takes courage, I tell you, to strike off all alone among strangers. Travelling all alone is awful disagreeable sometimes for women. But I haven't ever got into any scrape yet but what I got out all right. You see, when folks find out that you're in dead earnest, and are all right, they always help you along."

"Of course they do!" said Jenny. "I wouldn't be one mite afraid. But I wouldn't stay right round here in Ohio. What I want to do is to travel. I want to go to California and Colorado; but first of all I want to see Niagara."

"Oh my!" said Harriet Williams, "you are courageous, sure enough, talking about California. You wouldn't really start off for there alone, would you?"

"Why not?" said Jenny. "If it's safe

to do it for a hundred miles, it's safe to do it for a thousand. That's just what I do mean to do if I do it at all! I mean just to see this whole United States. I've sat thinking, thinking, by the half day at a time, how I'd ever get a chance to see anything of the world, and I didn't see any loophole of a chance; but as soon as you began to talk I just felt right away, 'Now here's something I could do!' Now you just tell me everything you can think of. How do you manage about getting the right things? You don't have to keep going to New York as uncle does, do you? I expect he could get things for me; they'd trust him; he's been buying in New York for years and years."

Harriet gazed admiringly at the girl's face, then sighing, she said: "You've got it in you, no mistake! Now that's been the trouble with me. I've never had courage to strike out that way. I've just trotted right round and round in a kind of circle. This is the first time I've been so far west's this. But I've always known the west was the place to go to. I wish I'd had your grit. The trouble with me is I get lonesome and home-sick. Don't you suppose you'd get home-sick sometimes?"

"Not if I was making money and seeing new places," replied Jenny. "I'd be perfectly happy. They're the two things I want to do. If you laid up three hundred dollars in one year, in ten you'd have three thousand. You could go to Europe for that and stay a whole year."

"Oh! Europe!" ejaculated Harriet. "You wouldn't go 'far's that alone?"

"If I could talk their languages, I wouldn't mind," said Jenny. "I'd do anything under heaven to get there."

"Well, you are the best of all the girls I ever saw!" said the astonished Harriet. "I shouldn't think you'd ever want to leave such a piazza's this."

"Why, you said you wanted to travel yourself," said Jenny. "You weren't contented to stay at home and not do anything."

Harriet's face clouded. "Oh, well," she said, "I was situated very different from you," and her lip quivered. "I can see you've got the nicest kind of a home here."

"Yes," said Jenny, "so I have. But it isn't my own, as if it was my father's and mother's. They're dead, and I haven't any brother or sister, and I always have felt as if I ought to earn my living; but I never saw the way how till to-day. Now I do, and I'm going to do it." And Jenny set her white teeth together with a click that sounded as resolute as the click of a pistol lock.

The girl was too excited to sleep. It was near morning when her aunt, roused by her restless turning, exclaimed, "I do believe, Jane Conard, you're lying awake all night thinking of that peddling."

"That's what I am, aunt," replied Jenny, "as wide-awake as I ever was; and I've got it all planned out. I'm going to Niagara first. Uncle'll fix it for me, I know he will. Don't you suppose he'd be glad to have me earn three hundred dollars a year?"

"I don't believe her," said Mrs. Barrett, sleepily.

"I do," said Jenny. "That's just the way uncle makes his money. Why shouldn't she?"

Mrs. Barrett was too sleepy to answer, and Jenny went on undisturbed till daylight in her ambitious plottings.

She hardly felt herself the same person the next day, so full was she of her new purpose, so impatient for her uncle's return to carry it out. She plied Harriet with questions innumerable at breakfast, dinner, and supper, until she had all the details of the project clearly mapped out in her mind. And when at night the lace vender gave an account of her day, and exhibited the twenty dollars in cash which she had taken in, spite of the hard times, even Mrs. Barrett was conquered, and admitted that there was a "fair show" for a good business in peddling laces.

Harriet Williams's visit had marked an era in Jenny's life. From that day her purpose never flagged nor faltered, and when her uncle returned from New York he found her plans already so far matured that she was waiting only for his indorsement of her application to a well-known New York firm to receive from them a box of laces for her first venture.

"What! you wrote to them yourself, Jenny, all alone? Nobody helped you?" said her uncle.

"No, nobody helped me; and, what's more, nobody knew it," replied Jenny.

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Barrett. "She's been a sly puss."

"I didn't want you to laugh at me if they wrote back a saucy answer," said Jenny.

Mr. Barrett was astonished at the letter when Jenny showed it to him. The firm said that they knew Mr. Barrett by reputation well, and that if he would indorse his niece's application, and deposit one hundred dollars with them as security, they would forward to her at once two hundred dollars' worth of articles for her first venture.

The truth was, little Jenny's clear-headedness and common-sense had stood her in good stead in the wording of her letter. It was short and to the point. It chanced to fall under the eye of the senior member of the firm.

"That woman's got a business head on her shoulders," he said. "You can trust her. Let her have a small stock, and try it."

"Will you trust me, uncle, for the hundred dollars? I'll pay you good interest for it, and pay it back before the year's up."

"Yes, I'll trust you," he said; "but I don't feel quite right about your starting off alone so."

"You just let her go, father," said Mrs. Barrett, who had become almost as much interested in the plan as Jenny herself; "just let her go. If she doesn't like it, she's nothing to do but to come home. She won't go far at first. She can easily tell if it suits her."

"It'll suit me fast enough," said the dauntless Jenny, "if I can make it pay. That's all my misgiving. But I don't see why I shouldn't do as well as Harriet Williams."

"You ought to do a hundred times better," exclaimed Mrs. Barrett. "There

wasn't anything about her at all. I didn't much like her looks when she came up the yard that day."

"So you think our Jenny is 'taking,' do you?" laughed Mr. Barrett.

"Well, she might be more taking than that Williams girl and not be anything to boast of," said Mrs. Barrett, who was afraid of making Jenny vain—an unnecessary fear, for a modest, more unassuming little body never lived than Jenny was, spite of all her courage and ambition to see the world.

"Taking," however, was just the word to describe her; it was emphatically true of her whole manner and bearing; she had the direct, out-spoken ways of a child, with the self-reliance of a woman; a keen sense of humor too, and a love of nature which was a passion. There could not be a better combination of traits for a woman who was to travel by herself. She was not pretty, but she had an honest face, frank blue eyes, a clear skin, a pleasant and ready smile—not a bad equipment to confront the world with.

And so Jenny set out on her travels. To Niagara first. Of that she meant to make sure, whatever happened. It was late in the season; but, spite of that, she had good luck in selling her laces at the hotels, also in the village. She was as astonished at finding it so easy; and between her unexpected success in trade and ecstasy in gazing at the Falls, her head was nearly turned. She wrote to her aunt every day, according to her promise, but her letters were little more than a series of exclamations. From Niagara she went to Buffalo, having on her memorandum the names of several customers there, given to her by Harriet Williams, who had said, generally:

"Buffalo's a first-rate place. You wouldn't think it would be, with all the stores there, but it is. Buffalo and Cleveland are both splendid places, and I'll just tell you some of my best customers in both those places."

At Buffalo, Jenny had the great pleasure of remitting to the New York merchants almost the entire sum due them on her first consignment, and ordering a second. This also she did in such a clear, business-like way that the merchants became especially interested in her. She ordered with discrimination and taste, making several new suggestions to them.

"This woman is a born trader," said the senior partner. "You see if she doesn't work up a first-rate business; and he sent Jenny a commendatory letter, which, with great pride, she forwarded at once to her uncle.

At the end of three months she had worked her way slowly home again. She had promised to be home for Christmas, and she would not break her promise. But she was impatient to be off. The taste she had had of independence and travel had whetted her appetite, and after two weeks' holiday she set off again, this time going south as far as Nashville, and as far west as St. Louis. The summer she spent in the northern lake States and in New England. She had a purpose in thus rapidly extending her circuits. She wished her aunt and uncle to grow so accustomed to her being at a great distance from them that they would not be startled at her plans for the following year. Jenny was resolved that another summer should see her in the Rocky Mountains. "Once there," she said to herself, "I am sure I can keep on to California; I won't say anything about that at first."

Her relations with the New York house were now so assured that they trusted her with all she desired. She had but to telegraph to them to have a box of such and such articles at any given point on a given day, and she always found it there awaiting her. Some of her most profitable business was in taking specific orders for articles too valuable for her to carry about in her boxes. These orders were instantly honored.

It was past midsummer before Jenny succeeded in reaching her goal in the Rocky Mountains. It was the little watering-place of Manitou, in Colorado, at the foot of Pike's Peak. She had travelled slowly, having found an astonishing demand for her goods in towns both large and small in Missouri and Kansas. But she was not too late for Manitou. Its four hotels and all its boarding-houses were crowded to overflowing. It had been one of the gayest seasons ever known there, and promised to last well into September.

It was the sixth day of Jenny's stay at Manitou. Already the erect, energetic little figure, with its plain gray serge gown and broad hat, was well known by sight at the hotels; and already, as usual, Jenny had made friends among her patrons. There seemed a sort of magic in the way her confiding trust in everybody's goodwill disarmed the usual antagonism toward peddlers. "That's what I am—a peddler," she would say. "Some folks ask me why I don't call myself something else—'Travelling saleswoman'—but peddler's shortest. If people won't like me by that name, they won't by any."

A large party was setting off for the ascent of Pike's Peak. Little Jenny stood on the piazza, black morocco box in hand, watching them wistfully. She had just made a big sale of laces to one of the richest guests in the house, and she was thinking to herself.

"Now if only I knew somebody to go with, I could afford to hire a horse and go."

"Look at the little lace girl," said this lady to her husband. "See how she wants to go too."

"Well, why shouldn't she?" said he.

"I don't suppose she knows any one to go with," replied his wife.

"Nonsense!" said he; "anybody that wants to go in these Pike's Peak parties, that girl can take care of herself anywhere. Ask her if she doesn't want to go. I'll make one of the guides wait for her."

"What!" exclaimed Jenny. "Just as I am? I haven't any other gown—except my black silk," she added, shyly.

"I'll lend you a skirt. Come quick to my room," exclaimed Mrs. Sanders, while her husband beckoned to one of the guides, and sent him to the stable for another horse. Jenny thought she was in a dream. Before she fairly knew what had happened she was cantering off on a good pony, commended to the special care

of the guide by kind Mr. Sanders, who had said:

"Now remember, Mac, this young lady is a stranger here. She knows no one in the party. You look out for her, and bring her safe back."

"That I will, sir," answered Mac, gazing approvingly at Jenny's glowing face as she thanked Mr. Sanders. And then turning to him, she exclaimed, warmly:

"And thank you too, Mac, beforehand, for taking care of me."

It was a large party, but there was not a man or a woman in it who so keenly enjoyed the beauty of that wonderful upward path into the clouds as did Jenny Conard.

As they reached plateau after plateau, with fresh outlooks over the plains, or glimpses down into grand ravines where pine-trees looked like bushes, tears of delight filled Jenny's eyes. No one spoke to her, but she did not think of feeling herself alone. In describing the ascent afterward she said:

"I never once thought about being alone, any more than I should in heaven."

But as they neared the top Jenny began to feel strangely ill. Few persons can without suffering breathe the rarefied air of fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level, and to many it is dangerous. Poor little Jenny proved to be one of the latter class. Her head swam, a sickening sense of weakness overcame her. "Mac," she called, faintly, "I am afraid I am—"

The next thing she knew she found herself lying on the floor of the Signal Service hut on the top of the Peak, her head on Mac's knees, and some one pouring brandy down her throat.

As she opened her eyes, the same swooning sensation seized her again. "I must be dying," thought Jenny, who had never in her life fainted. Her next thought was, "Who will see to sending the laces back?—Will you please write down something for me?" she gasped to the stranger who was bending over her. "I am sure I must be dying."

"Oh, no, miss," he said; "you are only faint."

But as he said it, Jenny sank off again into so much more serious a swoon that he was not sure. It was terrible. From one swoon into another she sank, until finally it was thought the wisest way to carry her out of the house and lay her on the ground. Here the wind revived her.

"Please write," she gasped. "My name and my uncle's are on a card in my purse." (The wise little creature always carried these as a precaution in case of disaster.) "Please—tell—Mr. Sanders—box from Aiken & Wheeler's—laces—will come—express—to-morrow. Send back—and she was gone again."

As she said the words "Aiken & Wheeler's," the young man who was bending over her started, and muttered, "By Jove, that's strange!"

"Do you know 'em, sir?" whispered Mac.

The young man nodded. Then, speaking very loud, he said in Jenny's ear, "I belong to that firm myself. I'll see it all right."

A grateful look came into Jenny's eyes; she tried to smile, but had not strength; whiteness like death spread over her face, and her gasps for breath were fearful to see.

"There is only one thing to do," said Mac. "She can't breathe this air; we must carry her down—even a few hundred feet lower down she may come to. I've seen one lady this way before. You lead the horse, sir, and we'll carry her."

So, in the arms of two of the guides, the unconscious Jenny was carried down the path on which she had a few hours before set out with such gayety of heart, as Mac had predicted, she was relieved after a short descent, so much so that she was able to sit on her horse, being steadied by his arm, and with Mac on one side, and her new acquaintance on the other, with long intervals of rest, she was at last carried safely back to the hotel only, however, to be laid in her bed, from which she did not rise for many days. Her system had received a terrible shock, from which it did not easily rally. The story of her illness and courage, and her touching attempt when she thought herself dying to secure the safety of the goods entrusted to her, spread through the hotel and little Jenny found herself a heroine and the fashion.

Mrs. Sanders took her at once under her own charge. She felt herself responsible for the catastrophe; but before many days had passed she said to her husband: "Don't ever tell me there isn't such a thing as Providence again. That fine young fellow that came down with Jenny off the Peak is head over ears in love with her—I'm perfectly sure of it. And he's in Aiken & Wheeler's store, the very place she gets all her laces. Now don't you call that a Providence, that he should have been picked out to be the one she should have asked to write down about the laces? I do. It's just like a story in a book."

Which it was, and no mistake; for it was exactly as Mrs. Sanders said. Something in the courageous, unselfish look on Jenny's face, trying in what she supposed to be her dying moments, to make sure that no one should suffer loss at her hands, sunk deep into George Hillen's mind. He could not leave off thinking of it; and when he saw Jenny's pale face and languid eyes light up with pleasure at sight of him, he thought to himself, "She is as sweet as she is honest!" and the next thing to that was a wedding in the house of Jenny's Uncle Barrett; and Jenny—the arch, loving, resolute little Jenny—saying to her husband as they were setting off for New York. "To think of your having married a lace peddler!"—Harper's Bazar.

Extract from Letter.

In the winter of 1877-8, I was confined to the house 3 or 4 months and to the bed 4 weeks with Rheumatism. I could get no relief. I began using Henry & Johnson's Arica & Oil Liniment, and in ten days by the use of half a bottle I was cured.

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A HERMIT LIFE.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

For the last six weeks I have been enjoying the sweets (?) of solitude. I can now appreciate that part of Alexander Selkirk's soliloquy, where he exclaims:

"O solitude! where art the charms,
That eases here in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place?"

Some six weeks since, the proprietor of this ranch moved away, and left an old German sailor, a large Newfoundland dog, and myself in charge. The sailor could not get along without his grog, and he soon left. The poor dog was so lonely that he whined and moaned most piteously, and I let him go. For some time my only companion has been a small yellow kitten that will climb up my back and sit purring on my shoulder, as I sit reading by the fire. I fancy this would not be a bad subject for an artist: An old man, whose head is "silvered over" with the frosts of sixty-two winters, sitting by a blazing fire, reading the Task in Cowper, with a kitten perched on his shoulder, looking intently on the pages of the book, as though it fully comprehended all the sentiments of that charming poem.

I have often thought, when vexed with the follies and vices, the ingratitude and treachery of my fellow men, it would be a nice thing to retire into some lonely dell of the mountains, and live the life of a recluse. But I have had all the experience in that line I care to have. No more hermit in mine. Solitude may be good for meditation, but is decidedly bad for one afflicted with melancholia, or introversions of mind. No, no, Mr. Editor; man is a social being, and without congenial society he pines and languishes; becomes moody and morose; gloomy and dejected; and finally lapses into a hypochondriac or a misanthrope.

This 1,000 acre ranch is situated in a long gloomy canon of the mountains, two miles from any public road; and it is therefore very seldom that any human beings are seen here. The days are monotonous, and the stillness of the nights is only broken by the occasional hoot of the owl, the yelping of coyotes, or the screams of the wild cat. The monotony of the day is not even relieved by a solitary note from the feathered tribe, for birds do not sing here. We have the blackbird, the bluebird, the meadow lark, and several other kinds of song birds, but not a note do they warble forth. I have never yet seen a robin here, and I doubt if there are any on this coast.

The weather is warm and pleasant. No frosts here yet, and vegetation is as green as in mid-summer. Mosquitoes are plenty; the second crop of strawberries is now ripe. The second crop of figs is half grown, and I have picked the second crop of cucumbers and peas; and the peas are now ripe and ready to shell for the third crop. And so on crop succeeds another without any intermission.

After all, I do not like this mild, uniform climate so well as that of a more northern one, where the regular vicissitudes of the seasons occur. This mild, monotonous climate takes all the snap, energy and vim out of a person. All the descendants of the Spanish and Indians have a dreamy, listless look; and they are, as a general thing, lazy, indolent, shiftless and thriftless, as is evidenced by the fact that many of them owned leagues and leagues of these fertile valleys, most of which has now passed out of their hands. An old Peruvian by the name of Soto, living near here, once owned three square leagues of land in the Salinas valley, but through his improvidence has lost it all but 160 acres.

J. S. TIBBITS.
SAN MIGUEL CANON, NOV. 18, 1884.

Ex-Empress Eugenie.

Some thirty-five years ago a new and dazzling beauty came to charm the fashionable world of Paris, writes Lucy Hooper in the Current. It was the season when the Parisian belles used to appear at balls and the opera with their tresses powdered with gold or with silver, the brunettes wearing gold powder and the blondes silver. On a certain gala night at Les Italiens, every opera glass in the house was leveled at a box, wherein sat the loveliest girl that had been seen in Paris for many a day. Tall and slender, with an exquisitely formed head set upon her shoulders, with that purity of line set about the neck and throat that is in itself one of the rarest of beauties, with long, almond-shaped blue eyes, a pale, delicate complexion, the sweetest of smiles, and locks of a golden chestnut on which the silver powder glistened like hoar-frost, she was a being for a poet to dream about and for a painter to immortalize. This was the young Eugenie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba. In those days she had the reputation of being a fast young lady, a wild, flirtatious damsel, thoroughly correct, so far as her morals were concerned, but rather given to perilous fun and hazardous escapades. At that time there was no one that the mischief-loving beauty delighted so much in ridiculing as the President of the Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon. His long nose, his short legs, the comforter that he wore on cold days when riding on horse back in the Bois, were all food for the mirth-making penicillies of the young Countess. But one evening the gay Eugenie was presented to the taciturn President at one of the balls of the Elysee. The impression that she produced upon him was immediate and powerful. He soon became her declared adorer. But there exists a French anecdote respecting the mother of a pretty little actress, who thus questions one of her adorers: "Are your intentions marriage or otherwise?" "They are otherwise," is the gentleman's candid reply. It is no secret that for a long time Prince Louis Napoleon's attentions were decidedly "otherwise." It is true that the young lady and her family were people of suspiciously shady ways of living. One meets in Europe continually with such groups as the old Comtesse de Montijo and her two fair daughters; people that live off the fat of the land one day, and subsist on dry bone the next. The rooms over the grocer's shop at Versailles, that were once occupied by the future Empress

of France and her mother and sister, are still pointed out to those interested in the fortunes of the family. But the Spanish maiden was not to be won on any terms save those of wedlock. "How can I get up to you?" cried the new-made Empress one day, pausing on horseback beneath the window of Mlle de Montijo's apartment at the Palace of Compiègne during one of the earlier parties there.

"You must go round through the chapel, sire," was the laughing rejoinder. While still pending some Republican friend went to the future Empress a copy of Victor Hugo's "Napoleon the Little," and she sought her to read it. She did so, and sent back the volume with the remark, "Little or great, I mean to marry him."

As Empress, the fair Eugenie was chiefly remarkable for the taste and adoration for her toilettes. Of her might be said the paraphrase of the epigram on Charles II: she never wore a shabby thing and never said a wise one. Like most Spanish girls, she had received a very limited education. She was narrow-minded and unintelligent, through very sweet and winning in her manners. The witty or appropriate remarks that she, as Empress, was called upon to make in public, were all written for her beforehand, and she was as successfully coached in them as ever was an actress in the speeches of a new part. In fact, she had no talents except for dress. She tried amateur acting at Compiègne, in imitation of Marie Antoinette at the Little Trianon, and, despite her beauty, even her flatterers were forced to confess that she was a failure. She was in her element whilst inventing new dresses—ball toilettes in puffed tulle with a chain of diamonds drawn through each puff, dresses in silk and velvet with low-necked corsages hung with diamond fringes, others all in the costliest lace—clouds upon clouds of point d'Aleçon or point a l'aiguille—mantles of genuine Eastern cashmere, stiff with golden embroidery—there was no end to her magnificence and to her caprices. She instituted the rule that at the summer parties at Compiègne no lady was to appear twice in the same dress, so a fortnight's invitation entailed upon a lady accepting it the purchase of a wardrobe of forty-two dresses at the very least, with three changes a day were requisite, with an addition of some two or three specially magnificent ball dresses for possible extra occasions.

It would have been well for France had the Empress confined her attention to her gowns and her gewgaws, and left politics alone. She tried to reign, and invented toilettes in this to preside over Cabinet meetings. She did more than anybody else to bring about the war with Prussia, her religious convictions as a Spanish Catholic having persuaded her that war with the country of the infidel and heretic would be a holy crusade and one especially blessed by Heaven. When left a widow she tormented her son's life out with her parsimony, her bigotry, and her exactions. She kept him on the smallest possible allowance consistent with his position as a royal Prince and the associate of the sons of Queen Victoria. She would not even allow him a sufficient income to keep a second horse, or to take rooms in London during the season. A French hairdresser on Bond street placed a suite of rooms over his shop at the disposal of the young Prince Imperial, remarking with a smile that his princely guest could pay up all arrears of rent when he became Emperor. It was to escape from home worries and home exactions that the poor boy went off to Zululand, there to lose his young life beneath the spears of a handful of savages.

What a contrast does not the Empress Eugenie of to-day present to the beautiful girl Countess described at the beginning of my article. I have seen her once within the last few years. It was on the occasion of the brief visit that she made to Paris some months ago. A pale, old lady, with bleached hair and a crippled gait, shrouded in crape and cashmere, was mounting slowly and with difficulty into a carriage on the Place Vendôme as I was passing by. "That is the Empress," said a sidewalk loungee as the carriage drove off. I, too, had recognized her. When last I saw her (in 1870) she was a painted, powdered, pencilled, bewigged caricature of her former self, the radiant young sovereign that I had seen in 1858. Now she looked like the ghost of the dead Empire, the wan, joyless, faded image of what once was the most dazzling vision of beauty and splendor and queenliness that the sun had ever shone upon.

The Cholera's Eggs.

The depth of the ignorance of some Italian populations has been curiously revealed under the cholera epidemic. The conduct of the prefect of Reggio, it seems, was so surprising that he was called upon to resign his post, on which he remarked "that he could not deny the truth of the statements which had been made, but that one man in a province of idiots could not stem the current of folly."

He then recounted some illustrative anecdotes, of which the following is one: A wag as a joke placed two eggs—a white one and a blackened one—before daybreak at the door of a house, and then roused the inhabitants, and told them they had the cholera at the door—the cholera's eggs! The terror of the poor people was frantic. The syndic was immediately summoned, and he ordered the carabinieri to surround the house, while the authorities took counsel what should be done. It was at length decided that a long pole with a net attached to it should be prepared; and this, with every precaution, was placed under the eggs, which were then carried in full procession of syndic, carabinieri and townsmen to the Campo Santo, where the eggs were solemnly interred under a thick layer of quicklime. The "cholera's eggs" being thus buried the city breathed freely once more, and syndic and soldiers returned to their quarters in peace.—Pall Mall Gazette.

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